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## VOLCANOES.

THE phenomena of volcanoes are among the most imposing and awe-inspiring within the circuit of natural influences. This is due in great part to the sense of utter helplessness that fills the mind of the observer in view of stupendous natural forces which he is powerless to check, and of tremendous agencies of destruction which it is impossible for him either to resist or control. Moreover, the apparent irregularity of the eruptions which take place from time to time in the chief centres of volcanic action, is such as to stimulate his curiosity as powerfully as they excite his fears; and thus the phenomena, and their attendant manifestations of irresistible and destructive energy, have rendered the 'burning mountain' in all ages and among all peoples an object of unceasing wonder and apprehension. In the more poetic ages of the world, when men were disposed to personify those powers in nature that were beyond their comprehension or control, such volcanic outbreaks were attributed to causes in keeping with the modes of thought which then prevailed. The volcanoes in the Mediterranean area were accounted for, in the picturesque mythology of the time, by supposing that the gods were there engaged in conflict or toil; the mountain of Vulcano, or Volcano, in the Lipari Islands, being appropriated as the forge of the Greek Hephestus and his Roman representative Vulcan—and the name thus came to be applied to all similar phenomena. Etna, again, was regarded as formed by the mountains which the vengeful Zeus had heaped over the rebellious Typhon, its periodically recurrent eruptions being ascribed to the tremendous struggles by which the buried giant sought to free himself from the superincumbent mass. But such poetical explanations have long ceased to have weight among mankind, and we now seek for a solution of those wonderful problems of nature in a manner more in keeping with the scientific spirit that is every day removing us farther and farther from the area of mythological influences.

Within the last thirty years, volcanoes have been made the subject of close and scientific observation, and the questions that still remain unsolved are now confined within a comparatively narrow area. The chief contribution which has ever perhaps been made to the scientific elucidation of the subject, is to be found in a volume by Professor Judd, entitled, *Volcanoes: What they are, and What they Teach* (London: Kegan Paul & Co.). This volume will serve as the basis of some observations, in which we shall endeavour to sum up the extent of present knowledge on this interesting subject.

A volcano is generally described as 'a burning mountain, from the summit of which issue smoke and flames.' This definition Mr Judd takes exception to, both as a whole and in its individual propositions. In the first place, the action which takes place at volcanoes is not external 'burning,' or combustion, and bears, indeed, no relation whatever to that well-known process. Nor are volcanoes necessarily 'mountains' at all; essentially, they are just the reverse—namely, holes in the earth's crust, by means of which a communication is kept up between the surface and the interior of our globe. The mountains that generally exist at centres of volcanic activity, are simply the gathered materials thrown out of these holes, and have not therefore to do with the causes, but with the consequences of volcanic action. Neither is this action confined to the 'summits' of mountains, for it as frequently occurs on their sides or at their base; while what is called 'smoke' is in reality steam or watery vapour; and what is described as 'flames' is nothing more than the glowing light of the molten matter in the crater reflected from these vapour clouds.

Such, then, being some of the popular misconceptions of the causes and character of volcanic action, a more accurate conception may be obtained of what volcanoes are, if we have an opportunity of hearing from eye-witnesses how they are made. An interesting example of this operation has been afforded within the modern

historical period. On the Bay of Naples, and about eighteen miles' distance from Mount Vesuvius, is a conical hill four hundred and forty feet in height, and covering an area more than half a mile in diameter. This is called Monte Nuovo, or the 'New Mountain,' and came into existence less than three hundred and fifty years ago, its site having been anciently occupied in part by the Lucrine Lake. This continued till 1538, when the 'New Mountain' was formed; and the facts attending its formation have been conclusively proved. For more than two years previously, the country around was affected by earthquakes, which gradually increased in intensity, and attained their climax in September of the year last mentioned.

'On the 27th and 28th of that month, these earthquake shocks are said to have been felt almost continuously day and night. About eight o'clock in the morning of the 29th, a depression of the ground was noticed on the site of the future hill; and from this depression, water, which was at first cold and afterwards tepid, began to issue. Four hours afterwards the ground was seen to swell up and open, forming a gaping fissure, within which incandescent matter was visible. From this fissure numerous masses of stone, some of them "as large as an ox," with vast quantities of pumice and mud, were thrown up to a great height, and these falling upon the sides of the vent, formed a great mound. This violent ejection of materials continued for two days and nights, and on the third day a very considerable hill was seen to have been built up by the falling fragments; and this hill was climbed by some of the eye-witnesses of the eruption. The next day the ejections were resumed, and many persons who had ventured on the hill were injured, and several killed by the falling stones. The later ejections were, however, of less violence than the earlier ones, and seem to have died out on the seventh or eighth day after the beginning of the outburst. The great mass of this considerable hill would appear, according to the accounts which have been preserved, to have been built up by the materials which were ejected during two days and nights.' This volcano is now quiescent, and the slopes of the hill are covered with thickets of stone-pine.

The circumstances attending the formation of this remarkable hill may be regarded as typical of what has taken place in the case of probably every centre of volcanic action that exists. The presence of internal disturbing agencies is first notified by successive earthquake shocks, which result in the partial disruption of the surface, and the opening out of a fissure, from which, along with heated water or steam, masses of rock, mud, and other debris, are ejected. These materials, as they fall back, gradually accumulate around the opening, until what is called a crater is formed. Within this crater, incandescent matter is visible, which from time to time bursts or boils up with great eruptive force, sending forth immense volumes of heated vapour, and ejecting fresh masses of loose materials, which, as they fall back upon the newly-formed conical hill, and roll down its sides till they reach the angle of rest, gradually add to its height and swell out its bulk. Thus, what had been but a short time before a level valley, or even, as in the case

of Monte Nuovo, a lake, is now an elevated hill, with all the strange and striking characteristics of a 'burning mountain.'

In the early period of a volcano's existence, and under normal atmospheric conditions, the cone round the crater is built up pretty equally on all sides, whereby the opening of the volcano continues to retain its original central position. But there are various agencies by which the shape of the volcanic cone is modified and changed. For instance, in the case of high mountains, such as Vesuvius, the combined weight and pressure of the material that surrounds or falls back into the opening of the crater has a tendency to plug up the opening altogether, in which event the subterranean forces frequently burst out by an opening which they make for themselves in the lower slopes of the hill. When this occurs, the same phenomena happen as before. The debris thrown out falls back round the new-made opening or fissure, and a twin volcano—or 'parasitic cone,' as it is termed—is gradually formed. Again, when the volcano, either during an eruption, or from its geographical position, is exposed to strong winds blowing persistently in one direction, the greater portion of the dust and debris ejected into the air is carried to leeward, and thus the cone is built up with the crater on one side, the summit of the cone so formed being frequently much higher than the crater, and in a sense overlooking it. Of perfect cones, those of Cotopaxi, nineteen thousand six hundred feet in height, and Citlaltepetl, seventeen thousand three hundred and seventy feet, are striking examples; though in each case we may take it that successive periods of eruption alternating with periods of quiescence have frequently changed both the size and the shape of the respective craters.

In describing the origin of Monte Nuovo, we have seen the process by which volcanoes are formed; and in Mr Judd's account of what he saw taking place in the crater of Stromboli, we gain a corresponding knowledge of how volcanoes, after being formed, continue to act. Stromboli is one of the oldest volcanoes in the Mediterranean Sea, and is peculiar in this respect, that for at least two thousand years it has been in a constant and regular, but not in a violent or dangerous state of activity; hence it is possible for observers, without any overwhelming sense of danger, to watch for hours together the series of operations going on within the crater. Our author, in 1874, made a careful examination and sketch of this volcano. The island of which it consists is of rudely circular outline, and the volcano rises in a conical form to the height of three thousand and ninety feet above the level of the Mediterranean. Stromboli is one of those volcanoes in which the crater is not on the summit, but on the side of the mountain some distance below the summit. Viewed at night-time, it presents a very striking and singular spectacle. The mountain, owing to its great elevation, is visible over an area having a radius of more than a hundred miles; and as it bursts out intermittently into a broad flash or glare of light, then sinks down, only in a few minutes to flash out afresh, it has been called 'the Lighthouse of the Mediterranean.'

'If we climb up,' says Mr Judd, 'to this scene of volcanic activity, we shall be able to watch narrowly the operations which are going on there. On the morning of the 24th of April, 1874, I paid a visit to this interesting spot in order to get a near view of what was taking place. On reaching a point upon the side of the Sciarrà from which the crater was in full view before me, I witnessed an outburst which then took place. Before the outburst, numerous light curling wreaths of vapour were seen ascending from fissures on the sides and bottom of the crater. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, a sound was heard like that produced when a locomotive blows off its steam at a railway station; a great volume of watery vapour was at the same time thrown violently into the atmosphere, and with it there were hurled upwards a number of dark fragments, which rose to the height of four hundred or five hundred feet above the crater, describing curves in their course, and then falling back upon the mountain. Most of these fragments tumbled into the crater with a loud, rattling noise; but some of them fell outside the crater; and a few rolled down the steep slope of the Sciarrà into the sea. Some of these falling fragments were found to be still hot and glowing, and in a semi-molten condition, so that they readily received the impression of a coin thrust into them.'

There is a still higher spot on the upper side of the crater from which the spectator can look down upon the bottom of the crater itself and see what is going on there; and when the wind is blowing from the onlooker towards the crater, he may sit for hours watching the wonderful scene displayed before him. 'The black slaggy bottom of the crater is seen to be traversed by many fissures or cracks, from most of which curling jets of vapour issue quietly, and gradually mingle with and disappear in the atmosphere. But besides these smaller cracks at the bottom of the crater, several larger openings are seen, which vary in number and position at different periods.' These larger apertures may be divided into three classes: (1) Those that emit steam in loud snorting puffs, like a locomotive engine; (2) those from which masses of molten material are seen welling out, and sometimes flowing outside the crater in a lava-stream; and (3) those within the walls of which a viscid or semi-liquid substance is seen slowly heaving up and down. As we watch the seething mass in this third class of apertures, 'the agitation within it is seen to increase gradually, and at last a gigantic bubble is formed, which violently bursts, when a great rush of steam takes place, carrying fragments of the scum-like surface of the liquid high into the atmosphere.'

'If we visit the crater by night,' continues our author, 'the appearances presented are found to be still more striking and suggestive. The smaller cracks and larger openings glow with a ruddy light. The liquid matter is seen to be red or even white hot, while the scum or crust which forms upon it is of a dull red colour. Every time a bubble bursts and the crust is broken up by the escape of steam, a fresh glowing surface of the incandescent material is exposed. If at these moments we look up at the vapour-cloud covering the mountain, we shall at once understand the

cause of the singular appearance presented by Stromboli when viewed from a distance at night; for the great masses of vapour are seen to be lit up with a vivid, ruddy glow, like that produced when an engine-driver opens the door of the furnace and illuminates the stream of vapour issuing from the funnel of his locomotive.' A more vivid picture could scarcely be drawn of the process of volcanic action, or one conveying to the reader's mind a better antidote for the misconceptions that prevail regarding it.

The three essential conditions on which the production of volcanic phenomena seems, in Mr Judd's opinion, to depend, are the following: 'First, the existence of certain apertures or cracks communicating between the interior and the surface of the earth; secondly, the presence of matter in a highly heated condition beneath the surface; and thirdly, the existence of great quantities of water imprisoned in the subterranean regions—which water, escaping as steam, gives rise to all those active phenomena we have been describing.' The questions involved in the second and third of these conditions—namely, how matter in a highly heated condition comes to be found beneath the surface of the earth, and how the additional presence of water there is to be accounted for—have already been treated by us in an article entitled, 'Is the Interior of the Earth Molten or Solid?' (No. 943), and need not therefore be further referred to in this place.

Regarding the first of the above three conditions of volcanic phenomena—cracks or fissures in the earth's crust—Professor Judd, in the work in question, has added largely to the existing knowledge on the subject. He has contributed also not only to our knowledge of the causes and operations of volcanic phenomena, but to what we know of their uses in the economy of the natural world. The materials ejected from volcanoes during an eruption are not, as many may think, a wholly useless collection of debris. On the other hand, much of what is thus thrown out is of considerable commercial value. The volatile substances issuing from volcanic vents are at once deposited when they come into contact with the cool atmosphere; others form new compounds with one another and the constituents of the atmosphere; while others, again, combine with the materials of the surrounding rocks and form fresh chemical compounds with some of their ingredients. The deposits which are thus continually accumulating on the sides and lips of volcanic fissures, consist of sulphates, chlorides, sal-ammoniac, sulphur, &c. At Vulcano, regular chemical works have been established by a Scotch firm in the crater of the volcano, a great number of workmen being engaged in collecting the materials which are deposited around the fissures, and which are renewed by the volcanic action almost as soon as they are removed. This work, as one may readily suppose, is not at all times carried on with safety; for in 1873, a sudden outburst of activity within the crater took place before the workmen could escape, and several of them were severely burned by the explosions.

As the knowledge of natural phenomena and natural products extends, man is day by day widening the area of his operations, and allowing a smaller and smaller proportion of those products to go to waste; yet it may not be without

a feeling of surprise that many will learn, that even the seeming refuse of volcanoes is rich in constituents that are at once valuable and useful.

## VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—'LET ME STAY WITH YOU,'  
PLEADED MILLY. 'I SHALL NEVER MARRY.'

MR JOLLY bore his daughter's death with that Spartan fortitude which belongs to the great race of Egotists. I will not say he did not grieve; but he talked too much of his bereavement for my simple fancy, and managed his handkerchief too artistically as he stood beside the grave. There is a sort of man who will mountebank grief at a funeral as he will mountebank joy at a wedding and patriotic indignation at an election meeting; who, if he shed tears, must needs do it with a grace, and dances you an oratorical minuet over the slain in a Roumelian atrocity. Of one sincerity of regret Mr Jolly was guilty. His son-in-law had no filial yearnings towards him, and did not beg him to make his house his home. You meet Mr Jolly in life now and then, as well as in novels, and I cannot conceive of him anywhere as being other than a bore. I fear that sermons are wasted upon him, and that portraiture is a vain art for him. Meeting his reflection in these pages, he may say—I think I hear him—that it is a most unfaithful and uncharacteristic sketch, and not in the least like anybody.

There are few wounds from which the human heart will not recover, if they are inflicted in its youth. And perhaps the best way of curing such wounds is to leave them to their own healing, and to do whatever plain duties lie before you. This was Val Strange's cure, and it succeeded as well as could be hoped. From that wild scene on Welbeck Head, he went back to such work as he could find, and then and there left the Primrose Way for good. He has not yet lived down the beliefs his neighbours entertained about the callousness of his conduct towards his young wife and his hardness at her death. And so true are the world's verdicts and so well worth listening to, that Mr Jolly passes as a model of paternal grief and tender fatherly remembrance of the dead, whilst Val is still spoken of as having exhibited himself as a monster of no feeling. It strikes some people as a curious thing that so dour and hard a man as Mr Gerard Lumby was believed to be should ever have overlooked and forgiven the wrong Val Strange did against him. And seeing that the two men, though they meet but seldom, are singularly attached to each other, these wiseacres conclude that Gerard has but a shallow sort of nature after all, and is incapable of any very strong and enduring emotion. But these are mainly people who make a great point of their pretensions to 'read character.'

Whatever may be thought still of Val's relations with his beautiful wife, there are no mistakes made about his love for his little daughter. He

loves her with a haunting remorseful tenderness, a sad and deep affection; and the common people say that little Constance is the very apple of Squire Strange's eye.

Aunt Lucretia inoculated Reginald only too easily with her own beliefs, and the little man for a long time hated Val with a mingled scorn and loathing which were at times almost too much to bear. But he threw himself on the other hand enthusiastically on Gerard's side, and made a hero of him, and little as he knew, made some near guesses at the sort of storms which had passed through his soul. This intimacy with Gerard cost him dear, and yet gave him a sweet remembrance which I think will last his lifetime. He hung about Lumby Hall a good deal in those days, and a singular change was noticed in him.

'I never had any feminine society, Mrs Lumby,' he said on one occasion. 'That is, I never enjoyed any lengthened period of home-life, don't you know, madam? and I feel the loss—the deprivation deeply. Now, it's a fact recognised even by the ancients, that female associations soften the manners. I can't say I think a lot of the ancients, as a rule, though they do make such a fuss of them at school and at the 'varsities; but they were certainly right there; don't you think so?' And so the bald-headed little man fluttered in conversation, in a manner altogether new and noticeable. He was nervous—he was hurried and flurried in his speech—and yet he would talk, and was so remarkably eager to be agreeable and complimentary, that he ran some risk of becoming a nuisance.

During one of Reginald's visits to Lumby Hall, two years after his sister's death, Gerard, unexpectedly entering his bedroom, beheld a sight which shook his sides with mirth. We suffer, and we think we shall never laugh more; but the days and the months go by, and the burden of grief is somehow lightened, and then comes a jest somewhere, and we laugh again as heartily as ever. Only perhaps the laughter leaves us a little sadder than before, and acts as though it were a signal to call the shadow back again. The good little Reginald, when Gerard came unexpectedly upon him, was in his shirt-sleeves, and was hard at work with some gruesome gluey substance out of a bottle, polishing his baldness with both hands, as a French-polisher works at mahogany. And, there on the table before him was spread each individual device of that great fraternity of knowing ones who gift the bald with liquid hair-seed at seven-and-six per bottle; a score of them, and nearly all unstopped. Taking in the whole situation at a glance, Gerard fell against the door-post and lifted up his voice and screamed and laughed outrageously; and the little man, with his hands still at his head, turned round, and stared at him with a visage so rueful and amazed, that mirth became almost heroic in intensity. He smiled feebly at length, and went on polishing with a look of shame.

'It's all very well to laugh,' he said, when Gerard had done laughing, and in a condition of infantine weakness, was wiping his eyes, 'you curled and golden young Anak. But how would you feel if you were a small cove like me? five feet four, and as bald as a billiard-ball! I don't believe any of 'em are of any use,' he added



piteously. 'And this one'—indicating the bottle whose contents he had last employed—'is so awfully sticky and sweet, that whenever I use it, the flies get at it, and I feel like a catch-<sup>2</sup>em-alive, O.'

'Don't,' said Gerard, raising a protesting hand. 'I can't stand it.' And suddenly the little man sat down with his hands well out from his garments, and laughed almost as heroically as Gerard.

'You don't go about in that way, do you?' inquired Gerard breathlessly at last.

'No,' said the little man. 'It's a self-imposed sentence of imprisonment to use it. It's very hard, because a fellow can't even lie down, lest he should stick to something; and besides that, I'd sooner be as I am, than bald in spots, as I should be if it made the hair grow, and I had rubbed it off in places. There is a dreary sort of interest,' he added, 'in sitting before a looking-glass and betting with yourself against any special fly making a landing.'

Lord Byron has noted the indubitable fact that laughter leaves us doubly serious, but this was a droll introduction to a love-confidence.

'Why do you inflict these absurdities upon yourself?' asked Gerard.

'Well, it's unpleasant to know that you're singular,' the little man responded. 'You feel ostracised from your kind, don't you know?'

'Rubbish,' said Gerard.

'Well, that's nonsense of course, and was meant for nonsense. But I don't want to look like Methuselah yet, and I get taken for all manner of ages.'

'Jolly,' said Gerard, 'I begin to think you are in love.' He had not the remotest belief that this shaft would hit the gold, or even the white, or he would never have loosed it.

'So I am,' said Reginald.—Gerard sat grave and silent.—'Why shouldn't I be?' asked the little man. 'I'm not Old Parr. And look here, Lumby, you can tell me perhaps whether I have a chance.' He looked guiltily at Gerard, and murmured: 'It's your cousin Milly.'

'I can't tell,' said Gerard. 'Go and speak to her. You have my best wishes.'

'It's horribly absurd, you know,' said the little man. 'Of course, it's awfully absurd. I used to watch Va— Fellows I knew I used to watch, and I used to laugh at 'em no end. I never thought I should come to this,' he added, indicating the bottles on the dressing-table; 'but when a man's as far gone as I am, he'll do anything to make himself feel a little worthier.' When a man gets to so pronounced a badinage as this concerning himself, it is not easy for anything less than a hippopotamus to feel thinskin. Gerard saw that the little man was almost hysterical in his desire to hide himself, and sauntered away, therefore, with an aspect of carelessness, repeating his advice.

In a quarter of an hour Reginald descended with no trace of his late pursuits about him, and seeking Milly, found her in the garden, plunged desperately into the question at his heart—and was rejected. She respected him—she liked him—she offered him a sister's affection. She let him down as gently as she could; and he went away sadly, and threw all the preparations out of window, and grieved. He announced his depar-

ture that evening; and Gerard of course knew the cause of it, and was very sorry for the staunch friend, and the brother of his dead love. Before Reginald went away, however, he spoke to Milly again.

'You're very good and tender-hearted,' he said; 'and when I'm gone, you'll very likely accuse yourself of having made me miserable. Don't do that,' he pleaded stoutly. 'I'm not going to pay myself the poor compliment of saying I don't care. Of course I care; but I don't know who it was, just now, but there was a lady of whom somebody said that to know her was a liberal education. And I shall be a better fellow for it; and I'm very much obliged to you for putting it so kindly.—Good-bye,' he said briskly; but the tears were in his eyes.

Mrs Lumby spoke of his departure, and asked Gerard privately if he could divine what had driven Reginald away. He, thinking his mother innocent of the truth, respected his friend's secret; but it was soon apparent that she knew it, and had but asked her question for an object of her own.

'Why has Milly refused so many offers?' she asked. 'Is there nobody in the world will suit her, or is she in love with somebody already?'—Gerard was silent; but something in his mother's face and voice recalled to his mind the time when Milly had clung to him begging him to abandon his purposed pursuit of his enemy. Whilst he was thinking of this, his mother returned to the charge.—'Can you guess who it may be, Gerard?' There was that curious something in her face and voice again; but he was not of that tribe of dandies who are ready at any mere hint to believe a woman in love with them.

'Why should I guess?' he asked, as lightly as he could, and rising, made as if to leave the room.

His mother arose also and stood before him. 'Can't you guess, Gerard?'

He stood a little awkwardly before her, and would have made any light answer serve to turn the question aside, if he could have found one. But none occurred to him. His mother's reiterated question seemed to point to him, and the remembrance he had in his mind gave him the same indication; but he was loath to accept it. To love and love's delights, his heart was dead. Love is not so poor a thing in all hearts, that a year or two can serve to bury it out of memory.

'Gerard,' she said, seeing him silent, and perhaps mistaking the slight traces of confusion which declared themselves, 'I have known it a long time. She began to care for you when—when your troubles began, dear.'

'If it is so,' he returned, 'you should have kept her secret, mother.'

'Oh,' she cried, a little wounded, 'you are not to think that Milly has spoken to me, or that she guesses that I know. But women see these things.'

'I hope you are mistaken,' answered Gerard; and having kissed her, left the room. He was not a young man from whom caresses came lightly, or often; and the kiss seemed to his mother to set a certain seal of solemnity upon his refusal. A day or two later, she began quietly

to question Milly as to the reason of her manifold refusals of eligible young manhood.

'You don't want me to go away, do you, aunty?' asked the young lady; and the old one entered a warm disclaimer. 'Let me stay with you,' pleaded Milly. 'I shall never marry,' she added.

'Until the right man asks you,' returned the old lady.

'Let us wait till he comes, dear aunt,' said Milly, 'before we say any more about it.' So the question dropped, and was no more reverted to.

### YOUNG LIFE IN THE STREETS.

WHEN John Leech drew his 'Portraits of Children of the Mobility,' he considered them as the antipodes of the class represented by the word he was playing upon—the Nobility. The armorial bearings he drew for them are not to be found at the heraldic offices: First Quarter, Azure, a Tile dilapidated or shocking-bad Hat; Second Quarter, between two Clays in saltire Argent, in base, a Pot of Heavy frothed of the second; Third Quarter, Sable, a Bunch-of-Fives proper; Fourth Quarter, Or, a Neddy, Sable, passant, brayant, panniered proper, cabbaged and caroted Gules. The children born to these peculiar armorial honours are not, as the phrase goes, born with a silver spoon in their mouth; it has been aptly said, that if they were, the spoon would be transferred at once to a near relation, to provide something more nourishing to go into the mouth instead. When they are able to run about, they run into the streets, having been carried thither before by other babies; and there, to the casual observer, they seem to remain all the rest of their lives. Some of them play there; but these are the offspring of the higher mobility; others earn in the streets, others live in the streets, and neither the embrace of Charity nor the grasp of the School Boards can clear them thence to shelter. Most of them, alas! get shelter eventually for a series of lengthening periods—in prison. So we class young life in the streets in three simple divisions, under which all town-dwellers see it in their rambles—the children who play there, who work there, who live there.

The children at play make the bright side of the picture. They are worth watching. Their ingenuity, their animal spirits, their sublime power of 'making the best of it,' are all enviable. A dying merchant, looking from his window in old age and sickness, once sighed to give all he had if he might be the ragged boy at the opposite corner squabbling for marbles. Well, he too, in a figurative sense, had had his squabbling and his marbles once, and the boy had yet to come to age and labour or penury; for Fate deals, after all, with an even hand, and it may be that in many cases the blank, work-driven lives of the poor have a prelude of unusual recklessness of high spirit, and power of enjoyment where there is little to be enjoyed. They make the best of it. We have seen a poor child's feathered shuttle-cock, her only toy, go down into an area, and the child, after one melancholy peep

through the railings, was as gay as ever with a crumpled paper doing service instead. A little further on, inside another area railing, a goat was mountaineering, taking the cellar tops for the edges of a precipice; and there seemed to be something akin between the ready mode of 'making the best of it' in the dumb animal and in the uncared-for child. In the same spirit, not having green boughs to swing from, among flickering leaf shadows, they climb a lamp-post furtively to tie the rope, and fly round it with a shorter swing at each turn, till the final twist and collision. Moreover, like a large growth of spider, they spin their ropes across from rail to rail at doorways; so that the inhabitant who comes suddenly home in those romantic neighbourhoods, may have to wait till a living swingful of small nurses and babies in arms descend, and until the web of knots is cleared from the doorway, and the spiders sent to weave a barricade elsewhere.

The strangest oddity of child's street-play we ever found was carried on by a solitary little baby-boy, just able to jump with safety with both feet off the flags. He had a large doll for a partner, nearly as big as himself, held carefully with her toes on the ground; and without music or witnesses, he was slowly and solemnly dancing with the doll. Where had he seen couples dancing, and when, in his experienced babyhood? The question opens up infinite speculations, from the street-organ crowd to the organ-grinder's music in the hall at some home party—as it sometimes happens—or the 'Twopenny Hop!' Somewhere he had seen it, and profited thereby; and the simplicity of himself and his partner outshone the shepherd dances of Arcadia.

Child-life in the streets for the earning of a living, is no child's play. The picture darkens all at once when we come to that part of it, and darkens more and more until the end. Street-trading by children is not now so common as it was before the law made school attendance compulsory for at least some part of the year. In those days, the number of children earning a living by vending various articles in the London streets alone was computed to be far over ten thousand. Some counted them as nearer twenty thousand. One has only to turn to the pages of Mr Mayhew's *London Labour* to find in the accounts given by the children themselves, the extreme hardship of their lives. A little watercress-seller, eight years old, with no childish ways or thoughts, and with wrinkles in her face where the dimples ought to be, may be taken as an example of the sufferings of the very young, not only then, but in countless cases now. She sold watercresses at the rate of four bunches for a penny, making a profit of about fourpence a day. She had a home, and in this degree was in advance of many others of her class. But those who cherish children of eight years in brighter homes can best understand the terrible hardships implied in this poor little trader's account of herself. The watercresses had to be bought at Farringdon Market before six o'clock in the morning; and from six o'clock till ten, she traversed the streets to sell them, before tasting food. What simple eloquence of poverty is in a few of her answers to the questions asked by the compiler of the book! 'It's very cold,'

she replied, 'before winter comes on reg'lar—specially getting up of a morning. I get up in the dark, by the light of the lamp in the court. When the snow is on the ground, there's no "creases." I bears the cold—you must; so I puts my hands under my shawl, though it hurts 'em to take hold of the "creases," especially when we takes 'em to the pump to wash 'em.—No; I never see any children crying—it's no use.'

It would be a great mistake to imagine that young boys and girls are not still in thousands earning their way in the London streets with all the hardening results of street-life. The vast number of newspaper-boys and flower-girls is proof enough that, even before they are past the age of compulsory schooling, they find ways and means to trade in the streets for bread. And taking into account the immense increase of population, the number of young street-sellers cannot be regarded as very notably lowered merely because statistics are wanting. A child's earnings are reckoned to be less than sixpence a day, in return for which poor wages the little traders wander till late at night in the great public school of anything but high influence or good example. The costermongers look upon them as rivals; they say the children, as sellers, 'perverts others living, and ruins themselves;' and at least one half of the jealous remark is too often sadly true. Large numbers of them have no settled dwelling, or the worst substitute for a home. Many take their meals in the streets, buying a 'penn'orth of pudding,' as a sustaining dinner; and the homeless, or those that are afraid to go home with stock unsold, find a refuge in crowded lodging-houses, or hide in stairs or in the markets, or lie in some corner under a dry arch.

The children who live and have their being in the streets are of a still poorer and more numerous class, though some of them are included in the class of street-traders. They buy in the markets, and sell at the corners; but they more frequently live by their wits, dishonestly or honestly, by begging or by 'fiddling'—that is, doing odd jobs, such as holding a horse or carrying a parcel. They are the 'Arabs'—in the deepest sense of the word, the most pitiable of all classes; for they are adrift and alone in the world, eluders of all law, and hardly decreased in number by legislation. Their very faults can hardly be called their own, so untought are they, and so doomed to misery, unless some agency of protection chances to lay hands upon them individually. Whence they come and whither they go, no one knows; the beginning and end of their existence are alike mysterious, miserable problems; we only see them in childhood—or the substitute for childhood—a ragged shock-headed crew, innumerable and interminable, distinguished from the sheltered poor by the absence of all shyness and by the cunning of self-dependence in a close struggle for daily life.

Jo, in *Bleak House*, forms the typical representative of the whole class, or at least of the hundreds that, in reference to the rest of humanity, are more sinned against than sinning, even in that untought struggle for existence. Jo is a living portrait; there is not a touch of exaggeration about it; and some there are who hold that the boy crossing-sweeper, with his whole

life and character dashed in by a few touches, is the finest character-drawing the novelist ever did, and as noble preaching for humanity's sake as was ever found in a popular fiction. Jo's ignorance is extreme, but not without glimmerings, that faintly brighten and go out. His mind is a blank; but he has a conscience—God made him, and man neglected him. He is described in half-a-dozen words; we all have seen him—'very muddy, very hoarse, very ragged.' He can say for himself that he never got into trouble—'sept not knowin' nothink and starvation.' He knows that a broom is a broom, and that a lie is bad; and when he is requested to tell the truth, he has a forcible formula: 'Wishermaydie if I don't, sir!' There is one jewel in him, among the mud, the hoarseness and the rags—one diamond: He has a heart; he has gratitude. 'He wos very good to me, he wos!' cries poor Jo against his ragged sleeve, when the man who had said kind words to him, the nameless friendless man, is 'striched'—dead. That part of the portrait may perhaps be disbelieved, but only for want of knowledge of the poor. If there is no warmth of feeling, no faithfulness, no gratitude, it is because there has been no sympathy. The deaf child that has never heard a sound, will never speak; the heart that has never been spoken to, will never answer the surrounding hardness with human feeling. The children of the streets are often hard, cunning, selfish. But why? They are struggling by their wits for existence; they have never met with kindness, softness, sympathy. No heart has spoken to theirs, and what wonder if they are mute? Yet, in the language of the heart, they could speak by word and deed, if we would but make them hear.

Some of the young 'Arabs,' if not as helplessly ignorant as Jo, have a ludicrous confusion of ideas in place of any knowledge. Mr Mayhew, to whose work we have already referred, catechised one or two of them and received replies, provoking something of mirth as well as pity. One bright youth was questioned about the battle of Waterloo, the Queen, Shakespeare—with surprising results. He 'hadn't heer'd of the battle of Waterloo, nor who it was atween;' but once lived down by Waterloo Road. Had no notion what the Queen had to do; but did not think she could do as much as the Lord Mayor or 'the Lambeth beak.' He associated the Immortal Bard with small illicit pawnbroking, for he 'had heer'd of Shakespeare; but didn't know whether he was alive or dead, and didn't care. A man with something like that name kept a dolly-shop, and did stunning.'

At some part of their career, the schools may do something to teach boys of this class; but often no school ever gets hold of them; and in any case, there is something needed far more than instruction in the three 'Rs.' The training to a Higher Life is what they need—the care for soul and body, the taking in, not the taking up. 'Beggars ought not to be encouraged,' says the Baronet to his little daughter Adeline, who is pitying beggar children beneath the window—some of the Children of the Mobility, drawn by John Leech. 'They have no business there; it is contrary to law; and I am surprised that the policeman does not take them up.'

'Take them up, papa!' says Adeline, the phrase producing an association of ideas in her youthful mind. 'Dr Goodman said in his sermon that we ought to take poor people in.'

The number of these destitute children—the poorest of the poor, having the streets for their dwelling-place, and living no one knows how—is a number counted already in London by tens of thousands, and yearly increasing, despite the many generous and noble efforts to shelter and save. As the writer of *London Poor* has summed up their case: 'What little information they receive is obtained from the worst class—from cheats, vagabonds, and rogues; what little amusement they indulge in springs from sources the most poisonous—the most fatal to happiness and welfare; what little they know of a home is necessarily associated with much that is vile and base.' How they live at all is a marvel. The refuse of the markets makes a large item in their daily fare. About eight o'clock on summer mornings, when the wholesale trade is nearly over in the rough-paved space round Covent Garden Market, crowds of these destitute children may be seen there, scrambling for the battered plums and other decayed fruit cast away as useless—one might almost say, as poisonous. And any Saturday, those who buy costly flowers and fruit in the bright vista of the market's bloom-laden central arcade, may see a vision of London poverty, if they will step outside, and make their way to the open, where the emptied baskets make flanking barricades. There are little children pinched in face and thinly clad, grave-faced women, groups of ragged boys, gathering the cabbage leaves and all the vegetable refuse from the street; every scrap, broken and half rotten, they turn over and judge slowly, with hungry eyes and anxious hands, and no heed for passers-by. The children carry off heaps of green stump and leaf, stuffed into bits of sacking, or looped up in the front of a skirt; and we have seen a whole grave congress of business-like young things, and pale-faced women, and hungry lads, assembled round a space strewn with the stall-sweepings of orange peels, sorting and picking up to carry away the bits of peel on which some pulp was left. So near the gay stream in the central arcade, so near the departing carriages, the sight suggests the old saying, that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives.

If we knew everything, even in the one small world of London, it would be heart-breaking knowledge. As George Eliot says, speaking only of the paths of trivial incidents, if we had a keen sense of daily life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence. But of what should we die, or rather how could we live, if we realised the life of the poorest, who rise daily to the same sunlight, and especially the life of the children of misery? When one sees some chance glimpse of it, the helpless remonstrance is, What can I do? But there are two ways of saying that word. What can I do? never did anything. What can I do? is reflective, energetic, hopeful, brave, ready for any chance, and counting no chance small. It means work, and does it. Nor

can the work ever be counted little, if it be the stretching of a loving hand, even for a moment, to aid in lifting young life from the mire.

## MARJORIE.

AN OLD VIRGINIAN STORY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

LIEUTENANT EDWARD HARRADEN of His Majesty's 50th Regiment of Foot—a fine young fellow, with far more of the hearty Squire about him than of the typical officer of the day, was waiting that afternoon at a very familiar spot, situated just about half-way between the town and the barracks on Mount Pleasant. Of course he was waiting for Marjorie; and as punctuality is as rigid a virtue in love as in war, he had not to wait long before he espied a light active form, furs and ribbons flying, making the best of its way towards him through the deep snow, and in a few seconds was pressing his own honest face against the dimples and blushes of Marjorie's.

'O Edward!' cried the breathless girl; 'such fun before dinner! You know my tutor—Old Candlestick, as you call him—well, now, what do you think he's been and done?'

'Can't think, my darling,' replied the young officer.

'Well, what should you think was the most unlikely thing in the world that he would do?'

'Well,' said the young Englishman, after a pause, for, being a ponderous man, he was a ponderous thinker, 'I should think the most unlikely thing he could do would be to make love to you.'

'O you clever man!' exclaimed Marjorie; 'that's just what he has been doing. The impudence! I could have boxed his ears, as he stood there like a great fish. And you should have seen his face when I told him what I thought of him! Because, you know, he's been and sneaked to my father about our acquaintance; and you know that just as a red rag maddens a bull, so does a red uniform madden my poor old father. And you may imagine, Edward, what a talking-to I got last night! If I'd been a thief, I could not have got worse.'

'Well, never mind, my pet,' said the officer; 'he'll get over it. All the good folks about here look upon us as fiends. Give a dog a bad name, you know, and the rest of it. We hear plenty of it, and we've heard more than usual lately.'

'But, my love, what are we to do?' urged Marjorie plaintively.

'Why, my dear,' replied her swain, 'although I'm an Englishman, I can't help seeing that this horrid war will soon be over. Your people must be free sooner or later; and although I bear the king's commission, I don't see why they shouldn't be; and I can't think it right that two peoples of the same blood and language should be cutting each other's throats, as we have for the last seven years been doing. And then all evil feelings will disappear; and I will go to your father, and tell him that I love you, and that I want you for my wife. And if he refuses, why—why, we'll run



away; and if he says all right, why, then it's all right.'

'What a clever old dear you are!' said Marjorie, looking up in the young fellow's handsome face with proud admiration.

'How I wish, Marjorie,' he said, 'that your father wasn't such a prejudiced, strait-laced old fellow. We're going to keep Christmas in such style up at the Mount; but it'll be funny without any girls; but if he'd only let you come, all the other people would follow his example, for he's rather a big man, isn't he?'

'No; I'm afraid you won't get much Virginian beauty up there,' said Marjorie. 'You should hear how the women all talk against your people, just as much for fashion, I believe, as from genuine principle. But I should like to come.'

And so they sauntered on, chatting the too fast hours of daylight away, until the Lieutenant was reminded that his was the night-guard; and they went back to the Half-way Tree, as they called their trysting-place, and with one fond kiss, they parted.

After nightfall, the preparations for the *coup de main* were carried on quietly but actively in Alexandria, and no one was more active or energetic than the stalwart old farmer of Braddock's. He hastily swallowed his tea, much to the surprise of Marjorie, who was accustomed to see him linger over that meal as an important epoch of the day, and was out into the town and about the farms, enlisting recruits, holding consultations with his brother-conspirators, buying up all the muskets and pikes and swords and ammunition he could lay his hands upon, stirring up the lazy, cheering the few who were despondent, doing, in fact, the work of two men, despite his load of sixty years.

As might be imagined, Marjorie was much alarmed at the strange state of affairs at home—at the strings of carts and gangs of men laden with arms and mysterious packages which continued to pass in and out of the garden from dusk until after midnight, all in silence, and looking almost spectral in the dim lantern light.

'What does all this mean, Cicero?' she asked of the old negro.

'I dunno, Missy, I's sure; nebber see sich goin's on, nebber! Gemmans been runnin' up an' down stairs, an' in an' out jes like de flies in de molasses pot.'

She then asked one of the workers.

'Why, bless your heart, Miss,' replied the man, 'we're a-goin' to do away with the Britishers, that's what we're a-goin' to do;' and accompanied his answer with winks and head-shakings which spoke volumes.

'Do away with the Britishers!' repeated Marjorie to herself. 'That means fighting, and murder—and perhaps Edward, or father'—and a terrible cloud of thoughts came over her mind. 'Oh, how happy we could all be,' she thought, 'if people had no such things as prejudices!'

Meanwhile, her father was returning from the house of one of the confederates, which stood a little beyond the other side of the town, on the road to Mount Pleasant, and was not a little surprised to meet the Rev. Nahum Bond, who was evidently in a great hurry. Had it not been pitch-dark, he would have noticed, too, that the minister was equally surprised and rather

confused at seeing him; but the young man was quick at recovery, and said: 'Just whom I wanted to see, Master Hood. I am sorry to say anything that may offend you, but I feel it my duty to warn you against your daughter.'

'Lord! man,' exclaimed the old farmer, 'what has the wench been doing now? Laughing at her tutor?'

'Nay, nay, Master Hood,' replied Nahum; 'it is no light matter. I speak not of what she has done, but of what she may do. She knows perfectly well what our project is; she loves one of the men against whom we are to work; she met him this afternoon. Put two and two together. Good-night!' And he was lost in the darkness.

For a moment the old man stood bewildered. Then he smote his brow and muttered: 'What a fool I have been not to send her away! Of course I see what the parson means—that she will betray us—and yet I dare not think that she would do so. Her love for the red coat may be strong, but it would be strange if her love for her father and her country were not stronger. However, I will see her.' And he strode on homewards.

Marjorie met him at the door with a frightened face. 'O father, I am so glad you have come,' she cried, throwing her arms around his neck; 'I am so frightened. Tell me what all this means—these guns and swords and bullets, and all this quiet and secrecy.'

Her father gently removed her arms from his neck, and held her out at arms-length, looking keenly into her deep brown eyes, in each of which a tear glistened. 'And you mean to say, Marjorie, that you know nothing about it?'

'Nothing, father, but what Abram Stoke told me just now about doing away with the Britishers,' answered Marjorie.

'And you did not tell Mr Harraden about it, when you met him this afternoon?'

'I did not know it, father—indeed, I did not; and if I had, I do not think that—that—'

'No, no, no!' exclaimed her father, kissing her; 'I don't believe you would.'

'But tell me, dear father,' she said, 'is there to be fighting and shooting and murder? Oh, I am so terrified! Suppose you were to be killed, and suppose—suppose he—you know I can't help loving him, and so would you, if you knew how good and kind and true he is.'

'Tut, tut, lass! never fear,' replied the old man; 'these are not things for girls to be talking about. It's time for you to be in bed.—Good-night, my love; I have much writing to do.'

Marjorie went sadly enough up to her room, and in truth hers was not an enviable position. A dread was on her that something terrible was about to happen, something in which the two men she loved beyond all others in the world were concerned, and she could do nothing to prevent it. At one time, she determined that she would warn her lover of the danger; but the image of her stern, patriotic father, and of his wrath at what he would assuredly term betrayal, came before her. Then she resolved to throw herself at her father's feet and to implore him to abandon his design. Her thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door; and in answer to her 'Come in,' the woolly head and

ebony countenance of Cicero appeared: 'Please, Missy, massa want you. He's in a debil of a rage.'

Marjorie went down, and found her father striding up and down the little room he styled his study.

'Marjorie,' he said, in a voice which was scarcely coherent for passion, 'if I was to shoot you on the spot, it would not be more than you deserve.' These were terrible words for a father to address to his child, and still more terrible when they came from a father who loved his child so dearly as Jeremiah Hood loved Marjorie.

'What—what do you mean, father?' asked the terrified girl.

'What do I mean, girl? You know very well what I mean. Read that!' and he threw on the table towards her a small scrap of paper.

She read: '*You are betrayed. Be warned in time.*'

She could not recognise the writing, nor was there any signature to this laconic epistle. Turning it over, she saw in smaller letters: '*The penalty for concealing arms or for harbouring revolt is immediate death and confiscation of estate.*'

'But, father,' said Marjorie, 'I have had nothing to do with this. Surely you do not think that I have betrayed you?'

'Not a word more,' said her father, raising his hand; 'I know that you have betrayed us. You will keep your room until I find means to send you to Connecticut.'

'But, dear father, hear me, I beg of you. Hear your daughter, your Marjorie, whom you say you love,' cried the girl in piteous tones.

'Silence!' said Hood in a stern voice. 'Did I not love you as I do, you would ere now have been lying where you now stand. Obey me, and go.'

Poor Marjorie left the room crying bitterly; and her father went out to tell the news to the confederates.

Next evening, Alexandria lay sound asleep in her mantle of snow as the clock struck midnight. It was the 24th of December 1781. A few lights from the ships by the quay-side, and from the *Royal George* and *City* hotels, were the only indications of a town visible from the British huts upon Mount Pleasant. In these 'good old days,' folk kept reasonable hours, and except upon such special occasions as a birthday night or a subscription ball, as a rule retired to rest about the same hour that their modern posterity are at dinner. But upon Mount Pleasant there was activity, and moving about of lanterns, and buckling on of knapsacks, and buttoning up of gaiters; and ere the twelfth solemn note had died away, a hundred men were drawn up in motionless array upon the little parade-ground. At a few minutes past the hour, the word was given; the company faced to the right and commenced to tramp through the thick snow towards the sleeping, unconscious town beneath them. At their head marched the Colonel, and by his side a tall figure muffled in a long cloak. They did not march by the direct route to Alexandria; but in order to avoid passing through the town, chose a back-path, which in the course of half an hour brought them at the gate of Braddock's.

Here the guide—he of the cloak—would have left them; but the Colonel held him fast by the collar. 'Nay, my good fellow,' he said; 'not so fast. Perhaps you are playing us false.—Lieutenant Harraden, take a sergeant and two file and enter the house.'

The Lieutenant saluted; and with his men went up to the door, while the remainder of the company 'stood easy' in the garden, bayonets fixed and muskets ready. In obedience to his knock, Cicero opened the door in his usual cautious manner; but a kick from the foot of the sergeant hurried his movements, for it sent the door flying open, and poor Cicero all but sprawling on the polished oak floor. The Lieutenant—whose feelings may be imagined at making such an entry into the shrine of his goddess—walked in, and requested the rueful Cicero to show him into his master's room.

'Massa hab go to bed dis tree hours,' said the scared negro.

'Very sorry,' said Harraden; 'but I must see him.'

As a rule, it was as much as Cicero's place was worth to disturb his master during even his afternoon nap; but the vision of the redcoats in the garden urged him to sink all reluctance in the matter; and in a few minutes a heavy step was heard descending the staircase, and Mr Hood appeared, clad in night-shirt, greatcoat, and slippers.

'Very sorry to disturb you at this time of night, Mr Hood,' said the Lieutenant politely; 'but I am acting under orders, and I must ask you to show me the way to your cellars.'

'Who are you, sir?' asked the old man scornfully.

'I am Lieutenant Harraden of His Britannic Majesty's Fiftieth Regiment of Foot.'

'Hm! Harraden. Fiftieth Regiment. Kent name and Kent regiment. I'm ashamed of you, sir; but as I see you have force at your back, I suppose I must obey.'

He led the way down to the cellars. The men searched high and low, sounded floor and walls with the butt-ends of their muskets; but not an arm of any kind could they find.

The Lieutenant reported matters to the Colonel. That officer, who was smoking a pipe in Jeremiah Hood's study, fumed and raged. 'Call in that rascally spy,' he said.

The sergeant went out and returned with Nahum Bond, almost dropping with shame and terror. The old farmer's feelings may be imagined when he beheld his ideal man, the destined husband for Marjorie, before him; but he could find no vent for his disgust in words; he simply sat down and groaned.

'Didn't you say that there were arms and ammunition stored here, and that an attack upon our position was to be made to-morrow night?' roared the Colonel; and without waiting for whatever answer the trembling traitor could have given, continued: 'Of course you did.—Sergeant, do your duty.'

Nahum was dragged out; and before the old farmer could interfere, the stillness of the outside world was broken by the discharge of half-a-dozen muskets. There was one cry, and Nahum Bond had paid the penalty of his double perfidy with his life.

'You will remain here, Lieutenant Harraden,' said the Colonel, 'until we receive marching orders.'

He went out. The rattle of unfixing bayonets was heard, and in a few minutes the garden was empty, save for one stiff rigid figure, with eyes wide staring up into the starlit heavens.

The old farmer seemed to have fallen into a stupor, but the departure of the troops awakened him. He rose and approached Harraden. 'You are the gentleman I believe, sir,' he said, 'with whom my daughter is acquainted.'

'I have that inexpressible honour,' said the young officer. 'And in return for the service I have rendered you to-night, I have to beg that you will bestow on me her hand.'

'Service, sir! What service?' exclaimed the astonished old man.

'Did you get a note, warning you that you were betrayed?' said the Lieutenant.

'I did, sir. And what then?' replied the old gentleman.

'I wrote that, sir,' said Harraden. 'And I wrote it at the expense of my honour as a British officer, out of my great love for your daughter. It has given you time to get your cellar cleared of the arms stored there. We shall leave Alexandria in a few days, so that there will be no need for you to meditate a continuance of your design. Had I not warned you, the consequences—well, you know what the consequences would have been. Moreover, Mr Hood, remember that I exposed that double-dealing traitor who lies outside in the snow. I'm obliged to blow my own trumpet a bit, because I know how strong your prejudices are against my country. Yet after all, Mr Hood, there is something even thicker than the mere fact of being Englishmen, between us. You surely can't forget that the Hood and Harraden estates have lain alongside each other in old Kent for centuries.'

The simple heartiness of this appeal touched the old man's heart. 'I'm an old fool,' he said, rising, 'to be meddling in these sort of affairs at my time of life. I am quite sensible of the services you have rendered me; and if you ask me as a reward that—'

At this moment the door was pushed timidly open and Marjorie's terrified face appeared. She had heard the sounds of angry voices and the report of the firearms, and had been quaking in fear upon the landing above; but when she saw her father and her sweetheart with their hands joined in the middle of the room, she uttered a joyful cry and sprang towards them. 'Oh, I have been so afraid!' she said; 'I heard such angry talking and the sound of shooting, and I was sure that one of you had shot the other.'

'Nay, lass,' said her father. 'Mr Harraden has saved us all from ruin and disgrace, and that double-faced villain Nahum Bond has been shown in his true colours. He was, I find, what you called him—a sneak, and something worse. Now, then,' he said, nodding his head towards the British officer, 'sweetheart together as much as you like.'

Mount Pleasant was evacuated by the British in the course of the week; and everybody knows that a treaty of peace was signed in less than a year after these events between Great Britain and the United States of America. Edward

Harraden retired from the army, returned to Alexandria, married Marjorie, and was soon one of the most popular men in Virginia. Many and many a pipe did he and the old farmer smoke over the International Question; but upon Christmas nights, when the curtains were snugly drawn and the logs crackled cheerily upon the hearth, they mutually sank all differences of opinion, told the story of Nahum Bond's treachery over again, and agreed that circumstances had after all turned out for the best. And when at length the old man died, Edward transported his wife and two pretty children over the Atlantic, and finally settled down on the ancestral estate in Kent.

## NOTES ON CONTINENTAL TRAVEL

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

AMONG many reminiscences of bygone times, not the least happy are those of such a journey between Geneva and Paris, albeit the route was in itself as barren and uninteresting as might be. It was a sharp, biting, comfortless-looking October morning when we left Geneva, and looked our last at its busy streets, pretty villas, intensely blue lake, and the numerous washing-boats, where the stout matrons and maidens of the place did so mercilessly belabour the linen surrendered to their blows. We were amply provided with books, work, travelling-chessboards, and all the remedies against ennui that could be stowed away in the pockets of a most comfortable travelling-carriage—*une grosse berline*, as they called it at the hotels, where its capacious dimensions and powers of accommodation excited great approval. With these resources, we might have made ourselves happy, notwithstanding the raw chilly weather and the anticipation of a long journey; but there was the custom-house, that bugbear of tourists with the lightest consciences. Until that ordeal was passed—and we were not to reach the frontier till pretty late in the day—book or work failed to interest. Like the sword of Damocles, it disturbed our peace while it hung over us.

Dire were the tidings of this formidable *douane* that circulated round the *table-d'hôte* of the hotel the evening before we started.

'The strictest in all Europe,' said a grave-looking gentleman in black at the top of the board.

'You may well say that,' exclaimed a little fiery Frenchman, with a gray head, and small black eyes very inflamed and red about the lids, which glittered like live coals when he spoke. 'I crossed the frontier last year with my wife, a delicate, timid little woman. Well, Monsieur, those custom-house women, they carried her off into an inner room; they searched her, ripped up the very hems of her gown, to discover lace or jewellery in them; stripped off her clothes, the fiends, and would not let her maid near her. They thought to shut me out too, saying a man had no business in their *appartements*; but I forced in the door, *alles!* and found my poor *petite* half dead with fear in the hands of these two female ogres. We soon had the place to ourselves. When I am once put into a passion, I am pretty well in earnest, I can tell you; and so the *douaniers* found out.'



'Bah!' said a young man who sat next us, and who seemed vexed at the dismayed attention with which the tirade of his fiery-eyed compatriot was listened to—'bah! What signifies what he says! *Soyez tranquilles, mesdames*; no one will treat you with disrespect. English travellers and with your own carriage—very different from diligence passengers like him, forsooth!'

Notwithstanding this and other reassuring speeches, we felt somewhat disturbed when, descending into a rocky valley, the postillions turned round in their saddles, pointed forward with their whips, and announced 'Les Rousses.'

There was no town or village to mark the frontier. A shabby little inn stood on the roadside, about the door of which were grouped the *douaniers*, awaiting their prey. They were all on the alert as we drove up; and the carriage had scarcely stopped when the *chef* had the door open, the steps flung down, and his arm offered in the most gallant manner to help us out. Nothing could be more unlike the ideal of a gruff, surly custom-house officer than this individual. He was a small man, with a smiling countenance, and a carefully waxed moustache. With the greatest politeness, he requested the keys, begged to know whether we had anything to *déclarer*, entreated *ces dames* to be under no sort of uneasiness about their *toilettes*, as nothing would be tossed or spoilt—they might rely upon him for that—and ended by showing us into the house, where he trusted we would dine comfortably and rest for an hour, leaving everything to him. In short, if this very amiable personage had not been a custom-house *chef*, and if, while he was uttering his courteous speeches, and so gracefully doing the honours of Les Rousses, we had not beheld the work of spoliation rapidly going on upon our poor carriage—pockets ransacked, books examined; imperials, boxes, and bonnet-cases untrapped, and borne off between blue-frocked, red-capped men, under an escort of *douaniers*, to the great barn-like building where they were to undergo inspection—in short, but for all this, we should have been enchanted with our polite friend.

On entering the frontier inn, we found ourselves in the kitchen, where they were fussing about preparing dinner. A large fire blazed in the open chimney, looking very pleasant on that chill October afternoon; a contrast to the small room inside where the table was laid—so bare and comfortless it looked, with its dreary white walls, white ceiling, white cloth, white plates and dishes, white napkins. The very floor was painted white, without an atom of rug or carpet. After a few minutes, we quitted its cold exclusiveness for the more genial atmosphere of the kitchen outside. Here was a fat elderly gentleman seated by the fire, who politely drew back his chair, and of course—for he was a Frenchman—began to talk.

'Ah çà, *Mesdames*, you have just arrived, and the *douaniers* are as busy as bees. I too have come to-day from Geneva, a long journey. Such a searching as they gave me, *ma foi*! I don't feel the better for it. They kneaded me as if I were a lump of dough; watches and trinkets, you see, are so small and so easily smuggled; and these men are desperately suspicious. More than that, they prodded me with long pins they have for the purpose, to see whether I had anything concealed in the lining of my clothes. Many

a brooch and set of studs has crossed the frontier in that way before now, *alors*! The *douaniers* are up to every trick by this time, however. They have the ladies searched too, *Mesdames*. Has your turn come yet? A woman does that.—Ah, here she comes while of her we speak.'

A forbidding-looking woman did make her appearance at that moment. 'Perhaps,' we thought with a shiver, 'the very same who so rudely maltreated the poor little Frenchwoman.' She proved, however, to have no more fell intent than to stir the sauce for the cutlets. But we had had enough of the fire and the conversation of our garrulous friend, and so beat a retreat into the cold white room.

With the dessert, our graceful *douanier* made his *entrée* cap in hand. He laid the keys on the table, and presented a paper with a list of things on which duty was to be paid, assuring us that the various small articles and nicknacks about which we were so anxious had all been safely restored to their places. This we afterwards discovered to be the case; not one was lost.

After leaving Les Rousses, the road increased in wildness. Evening was closing in as we slowly toiled up one of the rugged passes of the Jura Mountains; and when we reached the top and stopped to breathe the six horses which had dragged us up, the scene all around was savage and picturesque. Here four of our horses were withdrawn, and with two only we started for the descent of the mountain pass, a wall of perpendicular rock rising on our right, and on our left a precipice. It was growing dusk, and we were tired and half asleep, so that, notwithstanding the jolting and the increased pace, we were not aware that there was anything wrong. Soon, however, we were roused from our torpor. 'They are all lost!' shouted a couple of men who came running after us, and whose appalled looks spoke more than their words.

We were indeed in a fearful predicament. The road, at all times steep and difficult, was now especially dangerous, from being utterly out of repair. It was about to be abandoned for a new one, to be opened in a few days, so that probably we were the last travellers over this condemned pass. It very nearly proved the scene of our last journey over any road rough or smooth; for now we were every moment getting closer to the yawning precipice. Our drag-chains had snapped; and the carriage, too heavy for a single pair of horses to keep straight, was running towards the edge, dragging them with it. In a few minutes more it would have been over, and dashed to pieces! Just then, the men whose cries had roused us up, succeeded in overtaking us. They seized the wheels, pulled the postillion, stupefied by terror, off the horses, and made him give his assistance; tore open the carriage-door; and at last, by the united efforts of all parties, biped and quadruped, the ponderous vehicle was dragged back from the brink.

After this providential escape, we dared not trust again to one pair of horses, though we were told more were never put on in descending this pass. Had the road been in its usual repair, and the carriage less heavy, there would have been no risk or difficulty. A messenger was despatched to the foot of the mountain for two more steeds; and we proceeded on our journey



and reached our sleeping-place, Saint Laurent, without any other adventure.

How delightful, in those bygone times, was the arrival at a comfortable inn after long journeys such as I am describing; when the chilly autumnal evening having set in, we arrived weary and half asleep, cold and hungry, at our destination. How cheerful the bright wood-fire, piled high, and crackling in the open chimney; how grateful the warmth to numbed feet and fingers! And then the appetising nondescript repast, half-supper, half-dinner. In the centre of the table rose the inevitable pair of tall white *cafetières*, flanked by clustering cups; one of them filled with rich country milk just 'off the boil'; the other with coffee, hot, strong, and fragrant—such as is seldom tasted out of France—reviving and delicious to tired travellers. The savoury roasted partridges, and smoking dish of *pommes de terre frites*; the tempting *côtelettes* and apricot omelet; the fresh eggs, delicate rolls, pats of butter, and golden honey, all discussed with an abundant seasoning of Spartan sauce. The incidents of the day are talked over. Pretty 'bits' on the road—villages, peasants, sunsets, and moonshine, all look better and brighter, reviewed now by the light of the merry blaze, and called to mind over the well-spread table.

But in spite of refreshing coffee, reviving warmth, and roadside recollections, fatigue and sleepiness will make themselves felt. And then how luxurious to stretch the weary limbs in beds so proverbially excellent as the French; where even in the humblest village inn, the woollen mattresses are so well constructed and clean, undergoing as they do, annually or bi-annually, a thorough unripping and re-making; where the sheets and pillow-covers, often trimmed with coarse lace, are the whitest of the white and the finest of the fine; and where the only drawback was the prospect of having to get up and leave that snug nest at six o'clock the next morning.

The close of another day's travelling brought us to Montbard, a considerable village, or rather small town. We were fortunate in having it as our place of rest for Sunday; for besides being very prettily situated and possessing some local interest, its little rural inn, *Point du Jour*, was snugness itself. A French family of some importance, from the Faubourg St-Germain, were staying at the inn, having come to Montbard to visit their estates. The *rencontre* with them cost us a maid; for the charms of our abigail, who was a pretty young Londoner, made such fierce havoc in the heart of their chasseur, that he found her out afterwards in Paris, and presented himself, resplendent in a green and gold livery, and headgear surmounted by a wondrous plume of feathers. A six months' courtship was the consequence. How it was carried on, we never could imagine; for he knew no English; and her few French phrases appertained not to Cupid's vocabulary, but to vulgar necessities of life, such as 'hot water,' 'more towels,' and so forth. However, he managed to make her understand that he had saved money enough to set up a confectioner's shop in the Rue St-Honoré, and to persuade her to become his wife and preside over it.

Our Sunday at Montbard was most enjoyable—

one of those bright genial days of autumn, when the glowing tints and rich colouring of the season are gilded and lit up by warm sunshine, and all nature looks smiling and glad. We loitered away an hour after breakfast in the garden belonging to the inn. It was a pleasant sunny place on the side of a hill fronting the south, and contained an abundant supply of vegetables, flowers, and fruit-trees, with great patches of those sweet herbs which the French use so largely in their cuisine.

In the course of the day we sallied forth to explore the town and to visit an interesting château in the neighbourhood. How different all looked from an English village on the Sabbath day! The church was open, it was true, and the people in holiday attire, but on all sides the usual week-day business of life was going on. The village forge was in active operation, a crowd gathered round it; and some very exciting piece of gossip seemed to be on the tapis. The blacksmith, a fine young fellow, whose snow-white Sunday shirt-sleeves contrasted strongly with a smutted face and coal-black hair and eyes, stopped in his work, eagerly gesticulating. His animated figure looked doubly on the *qui vive* beside the quiet, patient, dozing old horse standing motionless on three legs—the fourth in the hand of the blacksmith.

The château to which we were bound was the family mansion of a no less celebrated personage than Buffon. The proprietrix was the widow of his son. The latter had been guillotined in the French Revolution, and here his bereaved wife was in the habit of spending several months of the year in seclusion. She was now at her *hôtel* in Paris, and the house was shut up. It looked like most French châteaux, dull and formal. On a terrace in front was ranged a long straight row of orange-trees in boxes, not yet removed to their winter-quarters. A few blossoms remained on them, poor shrivellings, but still retaining their delicious perfume.

Apart from all the charms of association, the grounds of the Buffon Château were pleasant to ramble through. There were winding walks in the wood, thickly strewn with a deep rich carpet of red leaves, elastic to the tread, and emitting a delightful fragrance. One of these walks led to a temple or summer-house built on a height, with a background of tall trees. The old man who accompanied us paused reverentially before the building, and said: 'This was the great Buffon's favourite resort. He used to bring up his books and papers to this retired place, and it was here he studied and composed his works.' From this gray-headed old follower of the family, who had the charge of the château during Madame Buffon's absence, we expected to hear some particulars concerning the great naturalist beyond those to be found in his biographies. But he was silent and uncommunicative. The fate of his late master seemed to have deeply touched the old man, and to have substituted a melancholy respectful air, in the stead of the usual garrulity of his age and nation. He told us that his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had been in the service of the house of Buffon. We called to mind the anecdote of the author and his attendant recorded in the *Memoirs*, but failed to elicit any more about it from this, the descendant no doubt of the servitor in question.

Buffon, his biographers tell us, had an aversion to early rising amounting almost to constitutional infirmity. He resolved to conquer it, and formed a thousand good resolutions, broken as often as they were made. The valet who attended him was strictly enjoined to rouse him in the morning, and not to desist until he had thoroughly awakened and induced him to rise. All failed, however. To his mortification and chagrin, the naturalist found himself day after day waking to self-reproach, and the sense of time lost and opportunities of study gone by. He bitterly accused his servant of neglecting his orders by allowing him to sleep.

'But Monsieur,' replied the man, 'you are so angry with me when I call you! You abuse and drive me away; you command—threaten! It pains me. I get ashamed to persevere, and dare to torment you no longer.'

'Have I not told you a thousand times,' exclaimed Buffon, 'not to mind my anger—not to listen to my threats? Have I not ordered you to rouse me, shake me, pull me out of bed?—Stay,' added the philosopher, as a new idea occurred to him; 'every morning that you have me up at the desired hour, I shall reward you with a *douceur*. Ten minutes beyond that, and not a sou do you touch!'

This argument was all-prevailing. From that day forth the valet gained money; the master, time; and posterity, instruction. 'Most probably,' we thought, as we explored the deserted summer-house, 'this temple was the place where the hours wrested from sleep were spent; and the father of our taciturn old guide was probably the servant whose morning task was at the same time so painful and so profitable.'

#### 'LUCK.'

An article formerly appeared in the pages of this *Journal* (No. 867) with the above heading; and the following additional instances of persons who, alone and unassisted by friends or capital, have yet succeeded in building up substantial and independent fortunes—one of them being a relative of the writer's, and the other persons well known to his family—may interest some of its numerous readers.

A—L— was the third son of a gentleman who ruined himself some seventy years ago by numerous speculations. As the latter had a large family, it became a difficult matter to start his younger children in life. A—, however, received a thoroughly good education at the Edinburgh High School, and at the age of sixteen was sent by his father to London, where he arrived with only a sovereign in his pocket, and the knowledge that it would be in vain ever to apply to his father for further help. The lad's great desire was to become a lawyer. But how could he ever obtain his articles? However, he managed to get employment at a well-known firm of solicitors as a copying clerk; and eked out his small salary by copying legal documents out of hours. In this way he managed in time to make upwards of two pounds a week; and that sum realised,

he persuaded his cousin Mary, an orphan without any fortune, to whom he had been engaged before leaving the North, to become his wife. They were little more than boy and girl; but there was no one at hand to protest against such a seemingly imprudent alliance.

She shared her boy-husband's labours, assisted in the copying of legal papers, and was in all ways a helpmeet to him. At last there came some conveyancing work to the office with a number of old deeds to be looked through, and one of these, in its antique spelling, was undecipherable alike to the heads of the legal house and all their clerks. A— L— heard the discussion about this deed in the office, and at length modestly requested to be allowed to take this obscure one home with him to his lodgings. The request was granted, for the senior partner had long marked the ability, as well as steadiness, of his young copying clerk. A— did unravel the mysteries of the deed; and his employer was so pleased with him, that he at once presented him with a gift of thirty pounds, telling him he ought to be articulated; and that could he but manage the sum needed, he should be very pleased to take him into the office as an articulated clerk.

This was a difficult matter to accomplish; but at that time there was in London a cousin's cousin, whose mother's family were also Scotch and north-country, who subsequently became one of the two founders of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company, and represented a large seaport in parliament; and he consented to lend A— L— the five hundred pounds needed in those days for his articles.

It was a time of stern economy to the young married pair, and all they had to live upon was the copying he and she could do out of office-hours; and she would often exclaim in after and affluent days: 'Oh, A—, it was a struggle; you kept me very short, and worked me very hard.' And he would supplement her remark by adding that had he his life over again, he did not think that he could do all the work he did then.

He paid his kinsman honestly, interest as well as principal; and by the time he was forty-five, he had such a legal business of his own, that he could afford to keep a fishing-lodge in Scotland, and lived in a country-place within daily access of London, where he kept his keepers, and enjoyed his sport at times with the county gentlemen around. He was well known in the Hampshire streams, for fly-fishing was his great delight, and his anecdotes and keen remarks made his company much sought after. In his latter years he prided himself greatly upon the quality of the wine in his cellar; but he kept some of the frugal habits of his youth throughout his life, and left a large fortune.

J— G— was apprenticed to a saddler in a suburb of London. He proved himself steady, trustworthy, and industrious, and in time became foreman of the shop; and when his master died, he in due course of time married the widow, and owned with her the snug little business. One day he was sent for to see to the repairs

of some leather straps connected with some machinery. His quick intelligence and keen eye at once perceived a much better way of working it. This discovery was the beginning of his fortune. He invented some machinery for making crape, and in time he realised a fortune of twenty thousand a year. It is told of him when dwelling in a large park, and seeking to live a country gentleman's life, that he would sit at the open drawing-room window gun in hand, while the keepers drove the deer across for him to get a shot! He and his wife kept their simple quiet personal ways in the midst of all their splendour, and were so unassuming and generously kind and hospitable, that they escaped the vulgarity often ascribed to the 'newly rich.'

J—B— was a respectable citizen of London, who in a venture lost his all, and retired to the country to live quietly on a little independence belonging to his wife. He did not like this state of things; but there seemed no opening for the commencement of any business. He had some knowledge of chemistry, and a taste for making experiments with it, and thought he would begin the tanning of leather by some process of his own, and see if any money could be acquired in that way. He exhausted all his small capital, and there was no sale for his hides. An old City friend, an alderman, who possessed a country seat near the place where J—B— had set up his tanpits, heard how the leather hung on hand, and asked: 'Why not make your leather into shoes? Few persons care to buy, or know what to do with hides. Every one must wear shoes.'

The difficulty was the want of capital; but J—B—, nothing daunted, with his two sons, lads just come home from school, and the assistance of a village cobbler, set to work. The lads soon outstripped their instructor, adding intelligence to diligence, and the result was that their shoes sold faster than they could make them; and in time as their business increased they not only sold thousands of pairs throughout England, but the demand for them in Australia became very great. J—B— died a wealthy man; and his two sons carried on the business, and in time, having realised huge fortunes, sold out and retired. Unfortunately, they had no resources of amusement, or occupation in themselves, and the loss of an object to take up their time and give them an interest in the affairs of life, at length so pressed upon them, that they, at the end of a short period of this enforced idleness, repurchased at an enormous cost the factory but lately sold; and at the present time they employ at least a thousand pair of hands in the making of boots and shoes.

These instances of success in business might be multiplied to a great extent. They may be by some put down to 'luck;' but they show undoubtedly industry, perseverance, a readiness to use any opening that presents itself, and other qualities, without which no mere 'luck' would in the long-run serve any purpose. We frequently come across instances of remarkable vagaries of fortune; but in most cases there is no doubt that the secret of success may be found in the old and true axiom, 'Heaven helps those who help themselves.'

## THE WELL OF ST KEYNE.

THE amusing legend of the Well of St Keyne, as told in verse by Southey, has obtained a widespread celebrity. The comical anecdote which we are about to relate—and which we are assured actually happened about thirty years ago—may be called a supplement to Southey's ballad, and may be taken as an instance of the wonderful readiness of woman's wit, when she happens to have a special point of self-interest in view, and which she is pre-determined to carry at all risks.

We will, for the better understanding of the story which follows, briefly state the chief points of the legend, just premising that the famous Well is situated in the parish of St Keyne, about three or four miles from the town of Liskeard, in Cornwall.

Southey's ballad opens with the following verse:

A Well there is in the West countrie,  
And a clearer one never was seen;  
And there's not a wife in the West countrie  
But has heard of the Well of St Keyne.

A traveller, thirsty and hot, arrives one summer's day at the Well, and takes a deep draught of the cool refreshing water; and whilst he is resting, a peasant comes up to fill his pail, and earnestly regarding the stranger, at once bluntly asks him the following, apparently unaccountable questions: 'Is he a married man? Because, if so, the draught he has just imbibed is surely the happiest he has ever drunk in his life. Or has he a wife? And if so, has she ever been in Cornwall?' Adding, with much energy, this positive but curious assertion:

For if she has, I'll wager my life  
She has drunk of the Well of St Keyne.

The traveller, naturally surprised and puzzled at the odd questions, replies that he has been married many years, but that his wife has certainly never been in those parts; and then desires to know what constitutes the special benefit said to be conferred upon him by drinking the water. The peasant then tells him the legend in the following pretty verses:

'St Keyne,' the Cornishman said in reply,  
'Oft drank of this crystal Well,  
And before the angel summoned her,  
She laid on its waters a spell:

'If the husband at this gifted Well  
Shall drink before the wife,  
A happy man henceforth is he,  
For he shall be master for life.

'But if the wife shall drink it first—  
Lord help the husband then!'—  
And the traveller stooped to the Well of St Keyne,  
And drank deep of its waters again!

The last two lines exhibit an amount of prudence and forethought highly to be commended on the part of the astute and cautious traveller, who, it will be observed, although he had already drunk copiously of the crystal spring, resolves to place himself entirely on the safe side, and makes doubly sure, by drinking 'deep of its waters again!'

The traveller then playfully rallies the peasant, by supposing—as a mere matter of course—that he had taken care to get a drink of the water

in good time after his marriage; but was rather surprised to find that

The other replied as the stranger spoke,  
And sheepishly shook his head:

'I hastened as soon as the wedding was o'er,  
And I left my poor bride in the porch;  
But, alas! good sir, she'd been wiser than I,  
For she took a bottle to church!'

Here, then, was a specimen of sagacious forethought and ready wit, quite worthy of that dainty sex

Whom man was born to please.

But although this exhibits a brilliant idea as brilliantly and cleverly carried out by the quick-witted bride, we are inclined to think that the circumstance about to be related is quite equal to it, if not superior in some points.

The story goes that, about thirty years ago, a worthy couple having determined to enter the holy estate, and each having the usual desire to obtain the 'whip-hand' of the other for the rest of their natural lives, secretly resolved—of course unknown to the other—to follow in the footsteps of Southey's clever heroine, and, like her, each to 'take a bottle to church.'

The happy day arrived, and the wedding service was duly said, and the benediction duly pronounced. 'Now,' thought the cunning bridegroom, 'now's my time;' and was about to pull out his little bottle of magic water and drink it there and then; but being a man of some religious feeling, he thought it would be hardly decent to be seen drinking out of a bottle in church; and besides this, the friends present might think that his heart had at last failed him at the thought of the magnitude of the deed he had just committed, and that he had to fortify himself with a little 'Dutch courage;' and therefore he very properly waited till the wedding party reached the vestry, when he instantly swallowed the contents of his flask, and triumphantly exhibiting the upturned bottle to his loving bride, exclaimed with a broad grin: 'First drink, lass, first drink; now I be maister!' But what was the surprise of himself and the assembled company at seeing the fair bride quietly and demurely produce from the bosom of her dress a little bottle, with a long straw inserted through the cork, which she immediately inverted, to show that the bottle was perfectly empty, and said, with a knowing, self-satisfied smile: 'Nay, nay, Robin; first drink, first drink. It's I be maister, not thee!'

The king's well-known exclamation to Hamlet—

But see, amazement on thy mother sits,

would well have applied to the whole company assembled in the vestry at that moment. If the bride had really emptied her bottle, how and when did she do it? for nobody saw her, or had the smallest conception of her movements. Every one seemed to look for an explanation; and after a few moments of awkward silence, the bride, evidently not a little pleased with her own ready wit, proceeded to inform the company that, taking advantage of the huge poke-bonnets and full veils worn at that day, she, whilst kneeling at the end of the service, with her head bowed forward, contrived, by the help of the long straw, to drink the contents of the bottle without removing it from its hiding-place in the bosom of her dress,

or attracting the smallest notice from any one. This feat she had managed to accomplish immediately on the close of the benediction; thereby getting first drink after the marriage service had been actually finished; and thus securing—according to this most fanciful legend—that position of authority so eagerly sought for by the ladies when they have entered on the married estate.

## CHRISTINE.

I SLEPT:

Long ere the sun had dropped into the West,  
Long ere the birds proposed their evening rest;  
Still glowed the sun in its uncoloured fire,  
Still quivered heaven with the lark's desire:

And while I slept I woke

As in a conscious dream;

Methought I heard the stroke

Of rowing on the stream,

Whereon I lay rocked in an osier bed,

Kissed by the winds, on summer fragrance fed.

One only rower came,

Guiding a winged barge;

How noble was his frame,

His earnest eyes how large!

He gently steered his barge to where I lay;

He fondly touched my lips, and looked away

On the fast-dying day,

And wept.

His flowing hair, of deeply-clustering gold,  
Was wet with evening dews; his brow was old  
With eager thought; his eyes were globes of light,  
That pierced with joy the universal night.

He lowly bent and spake

Soft whispers in my ear:

Strange that his breath should wake

A sense of longing fear!

'I love thee; wake; embrace me, fair Christine.

I came from far to know, to woo, to win.

I love thee; wake; arise

From out thy golden sleep;

I will anoint thine eyes

With salve; but cease thy sleep.'

He kissed my heavy eyes and wooed me till the sun

Rolled to the sea; till love's fond sand had run.

He turned him to the sea:

'Farewell, Christine, to thee.'

I woke

With his last word,

And cried through tears and with uplifted hands:

'Come back, beloved; why to distant lands

Row thy lone way? Oh! come and breathe again

Thy perfumed words, spoke this time not in vain.

'Come back!' but the wide vales

Return my yearning cry:

'Come back!' but far he sails;

He heeds not my sad cry.

'Oh! come again, great stranger; why depart?

Come back to heal my pierced, anguished heart.'

I saw his airy skiff

Sail up beyond the sea,

Far o'er a cloudy cliff

That overhung the sea.

And never may return the rapture of my dream?

And never may I hear or know of him?

'Come, oh! come to me.—

Oh! hush, envenomed sea.'

'Farewell, Christine, to thee.'

Would God I had awoke

Before my heart was broke.

c. c.

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